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ENID

A LYRIC PLAY

THE MUSIC BY VINCENT THOMAS

THE PLAY BY ERNEST RHYS

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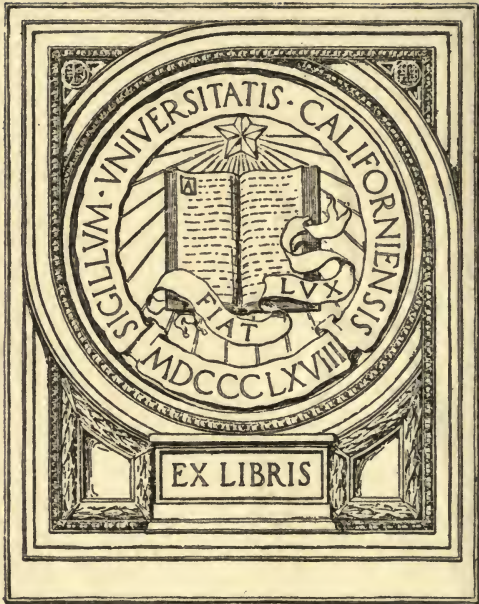
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LONDON

J. M. DENT & COMPANY

29 & 30 BEDFORD STREET, W.C. · MCMVIII



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ENID

A LYRIC PLAY

FIRST PRODUCED AT THE COURT THEATRE
Nov. 24TH, 1908

Uniform with this Volume

LAYS OF THE ROUND
TABLE, AND OTHER LYRIC
ROMANCES.

GWENEVERE: A LYRIC
PLAY.

BY ERNEST RHYS.

Crown 8vo.

ENID: A LYRIC PLAY
WRITTEN FOR MUSIC : THE
MUSIC BY VINCENT THOMAS
THE PLAY BY ERNEST RHYS



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THE
MABINOGION

STORY OF THE PLAY

THE story of Enid follows, with some change of motive, one of the most beautiful of all the Celtic romances, that of "Geraint the son of Erbin" in the *Mabinogion*. To bring it within the compass of the stage, the earlier episodes of Geraint's own story are omitted; but the playgoer will better understand the play if their relation to the opening scenes is made clear. In the first act of the play, Geraint says he has come from Arthur's court "On a strange quest, to avenge a blow!"

The episode of the blow, which occurs before the point at which the play takes up the tale, is thus exquisitely told in the romance. Gwenhwyvar (Gwenevere), Arthur's queen, and Geraint were watching the hunt in the forest near Caerleon, when they heard a loud noise of horses' hoofs:—

"And they beheld a dwarf riding upon a horse, stately, and foaming, and prancing, and strong, and spirited. And in the hand of the dwarf was a whip. And near the dwarf they saw a lady upon a beautiful white horse, of steady and stately pace; and she was clothed in a garment of gold brocade. And near her was a knight upon a warhorse of large size, with heavy and bright armour both upon himself and upon his horse."

The queen asks Geraint if he knows the knight,

and finding he does not, sends a maiden to question the dwarf. But the dwarf answers churlishly, refusing to tell her and striking her with his whip over the face so that the blood flows. Next Geraint goes to the dwarf, and repeats the question. Failing an answer, he is riding to ask it of the strange knight himself, when "the dwarf overtook him, and struck him as he had done the maiden, so that the blood coloured the scarf that Geraint wore. Then Geraint put his hand upon the hilt of his sword, but he took counsel with himself, and considered that it would be no vengeance for him to slay the dwarf, and to be attacked unarmed by the armed knight, so he returned to where Gwenhwyvar was.

" 'Thou hast acted wisely and discreetly,' said she. 'Lady,' said he, 'I will follow him yet, with thy permission; and at last he will come to some inhabited place, where I may have arms either as a loan or for a pledge, so that I may encounter the knight.' 'Go,' said she, 'and do not attack him until thou hast good arms, and I shall be very anxious concerning thee, until I hear tidings of thee.' "

Geraint thereupon follows the strange knight with the lady and the dwarf:—

"And the road they took was below the palace of Caerleon, and across the ford of the Usk; and they went along a fair, and even, and lofty ridge of ground, until they came to a town, and at the end of the town they saw a Fortress and a Castle. And as the knight passed through the town all the people arose, and

saluted him, and bade him welcome. And when Geraint came into the town, he looked at every house, to see if he knew any of those whom he saw. But he knew none, and none knew him to do him the kindness to let him have arms either as a loan or for a pledge. And every house he saw was full of men, and arms, and horses. And they were polishing shields, and burnishing swords, and washing armour, and shoeing horses. And the knight, and the lady, and the dwarf rode up to the Castle that was in the town, and every one was glad in the Castle. And from the battlements and the gates they risked their necks, through their eagerness to greet them, and to show their joy."

Here in the street of the old walled town, below the Castle of Caerdydd, and at the moment before the three travellers, who are being followed by Geraint, arrive, the first scene of the play opens.

The main lines of the romance are preserved in the action and episodes that follow. But in the play Geraint's several antagonists are all resolved into one—Earl Dwrn, the holder of the Sparrow-Hawk and lord and castellan of Caerdydd; and the struggle for ENID, the Sparrow-Hawk, and the town and castle, is all cast into a romantic duel between the two chief male characters. And as the original may be said to be in a sense the romance of a small mediæval town, with the town itself and its citadel really counting among the characters, an attempt has been made to suggest on the stage too the life of

the place. For a town, too, has individuality, and survives the life and death of many knights and castellans, as the actual city of Caerdydd has survived to become to-day the Welsh capital.

Stated then in its simplest form, the play is one of two acts;—*the 1st*, which is of Enid's Deliverance, turning upon the fight for the Sparrow-Hawk, and all the worship and lordship appertaining to it, including the chivalrous winning of Enid herself; *the 2nd*, which is of Enid's Probation, turning upon love's reversal, and the Life-in-Death of Geraint, the dead who rouses himself only at the last moment to save and deliver the requiting blow of the folk-tales. The town and the voices of the town break through the romance, and complete, as they began, the play.

Romance is the imagination of men and women tragically sensitive to occasion, place, and neighbourhood, and powerfully subject to circumstance. It is not in great favour on the stage to-day. Mr. Shaw, the great anti-romantic of our time, has helped to put it out of fashion. M. Maeterlinck and Mr. W. B. Yeats, on the other hand, have done much to give it new life and new significance. To supply it with its requisite full aroma and rich sustaining atmosphere in the theatre, music is, surely, all but indispensable; and wherever this play falls short as a play only, I look to Mr. Vincent Thomas's music to save the situation and preserve the illusion—the lyric and romantic make-believe.

E. R.

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

EARL DWRM, Knight of the Sparrow-Hawk, Castellan of Caerdydd

YNWL, THE GREY EARL, dispossessed by Earl Dwrn

GERAINT, SON OF ERBIN, challenger for the Sparrow-Hawk

PWCA, THE DWARF, Earl Dwrn's Retainer

1ST ARMOURER

A HERALD

THE COUNTESS, Ynwl's Wife

ENID, Ynwl's Daughter

ERMELIN, Lady of the Sparrow-Hawk

1ST AND 2ND DAMOSELS

Armourers, Smiths, Townsfolk, Masquers, Mourners, Sewing-
Women, and Herb Maidens

ENID

ACT I. SCENE I.

A street below the Castle at Caerdydd : Armourers at work without the gate, and smiths in forge. Sewing-maidens sit at the doors of the upper street, which leads to a bridge and old ruinous doorway,—the house of the Grey Earl, Ynwel.

Smiths and Armourers.

“ Hammer hard,
Forge the blade,
Weld the sword!

The war-lord's stay is the armourer!

Weld it fast,—
Thrice assayed
In the fiery blast,—

Weld the sword we call Sans-peur!”

Sewing-Maidens.

We have sewn with silken craft
The tawny tunic for the knight,
Who takes at morn the ashen shaft,
Tipt with fire, to ride and fight.
Needle, needle, make it true:
Let no sword-play pierce it thro'.

He who wears it shall not fear
When the men their war-song sing:
And there rides the rigid spear,
And the Hawk claps either wing:
Needle, needle, make it true:
Let no sword-play pierce it thro'.

Armourers. Strike home

For the sword Sans-peur!
Every death the knight shall deal
First must come from the armourer,
The forge shall fire the living steel.

[*Enter Herald, bearing the Sparrow-Hawk on a rod, attended by a drummer-boy, drumming a tattoo.*]

Herald. Oyez! oyez! oyez!

Know ye, sirs, the hawk is set.
To cry the tourney, field, and street.
To-morrow he that holds the bird,
The red Earl Dwrn, our iron lord,
Stands all comers with his sword.
Now, by the Hawk, he doth defy
Any knight that may ride by
Between green grass and open sky!

[*A joyous clamour, with huzzas and blowing of horns without*]

CHORUS

Boys, Armourers, Maidens.

Lord of the Hawk, Earl Dwrn, is come,
Our Castellan rides home,
Hawk, and horse, and dwarf like sin,
And his pale Lady Ermelin;
And woe to the misbegotten knight
Shall with Earl Dwrn to-morrow fight.
Lord of the Silver Bird,
Bring out his burnished sword!

*[Enter Earl Dwrn, newly alighted from
his horse, attended by the Lady Erme-
lin, and the Dwarf]*

Dwrn. Come, townsmen, armourers,
To-night, pitch tent;
To-morrow, spears and tournament.
At noon the tourney shall begin,
And Heaven send the best man win!

*[Two Armourers bearing a sword wrapped
in a crimson mantle : they kneel, offer-
ing it]*

Armourers. Lord of the Silver Bird!
We bring you the predestined sword
And pray you pardon him that was
The Master of our Fallen House,
Ynwl the Grey.

Dwrn. I need no sword;
 Give it your own Grey Lord,
 And bid him tame the Sparrow-Hawk
 At morn upon the tourney-sward.

1st Armourer. Sire, he is old!

Dwrn. Let him buy youth!

2nd Armourer. Sire, he is poor!

Dwrn. He has a daughter, fair
 And passing young; her hair,
 Yellow as gold, they say,
 Fair as the day, [*He laughs*]
 Let him sell her!

Armourers [*turning to the Lady Ermelin*]

Oh Lady, must we pray
 You of your grace to stoop
 And lift the Grey Earl up?

Ermelin [*pulling them back*]

Take it to grey Ynwl:
 What did the Lord *Dwrn* say? [*Aside*]
 He hath a daughter then,
 Fair in the sight of men.

[*To the Earl Dwrn*]

My lord, let us fare home!

I am tired of the town.

Dwrn. Herald, attend:

Has any tall knight drawn this way
 During the day,
 Worthy to match with mine his spear?

Herald. A knight?—not one!
Tumblers and singing men,
Beggars and dancers then,
Have passed me in the sun:
As is their wont and way
Before the Hawk's great day;
But never a knight, not one!

Dwrm. Well, I will think it hard
If no knight start full tilt
To challenge for the Bird:
And the red-blood be spilt,
As in great tournament,
To-morrow when the horn
Sounds from my sunlit tent,
Rousing the morn,

Ermelin [*going*]. And that Hawk mine,
And I the Queen to reign—
No rival, shining on the scene.

Dwrm. Yes, lady, crownéd then!
Sole queen, Queen Ermelin
Of the Hawk.

[*Then, as she goes, he pauses, and looks up at the
window of the Grey Earl's ruined hall*]

Yet there's a queen unseen,
Within that sombre place.
His daughter Enid's face
Has troubled—taunted me,
Since the last time the Bird

O'erperched the tourney-sward.
 Her looks are bright-eyed songs
 Singing her father's wrongs:
 What are his wrongs to mine
 While her sad eyes so shine?
 Shall eyes subdue the sword?
 This night at our high feast,
 I'll bid her pledge the Bird,
 Welcome—unwelcome guest,
 And she shall own me lord.

[Exit]

Dwarf [*pirouetting*]. "*Til-de-rwm!*

Tal-de-rwm,

Carolled Twm Teini!" . . .

Where is the sword

You forged for my lord?

What the earl will not do,

Let the dwarf!

Bring the sword,—and glaives, too,

Come, armourers,—and knaves too,

Arm me now, arm me all!

Dwarfs shall stand when men fall.

I will ask at this door

The old lord of his grace

That his daughter's fair face

Favour me! . . .

Smith [*driving him away*]. Get you below,

Pwca, to earth!

Never forge of mine glow,

Never sword the steel shew,
To arm thy mad mirth.

Dwarf. Til-de-rwm!

Who comes to the town,
Moody as pride,
With no squire at his heel?
This is he. Tho' the gown
Of a bat he has on,
There's a kite fledged inside
Whose claws are of steel.
Let him come, I am gone!

Til-de-rwm, tal-de-rwm:

Let me hide, let me see
What his bat-cry may be?

[Disappears in doorway]

[Enter Geraint]

Geraint [to the smiths].

What is this busy town?

[The smiths go on striking and pay no heed]

Dwarf [from the door]. Sparrow-Hawk Town.

Geraint. Imp of the night! what croak

Was that, what mischief spoke?

Sweet girls, I beg you say

Where a far traveller may

This night find lodging here?

[The girls pay no heed]

Dwarf [looking out of window].

“There came a pig from Caledon:”

’Tis he, the very one,

I struck,—the very knight,—

In the High Queen’s despite. [Exit hastily]

[Enter *Ynwl*, the Grey Earl]

Ynwl. Who knock’d?

Geraint. Not I!

But I am glad, sire, of your grace:

What is this warlike place?

Ynwl. This is the town

That once was known

As mine: Ah, sir,

You are a stranger here,—

I am ashamed to say,

Enter my house, and see

What slender courtesy

Remains of the great array

My father left to me!

Geraint. I read thy seigneury

In every word!

Night falls: I cannot see

Thy face, fair lord!

I have come, faring west,

Come far,—from Arthur’s court,—

On a strange quest,

To avenge a blow;

That is my tale all short.

Ynwl. Enter, then, unknown guest,

What poor fare we may have,

This night is truly thine.

[*They enter the old house, the stage turning dark
as they pass up the steps to the doorway*]

SCENE II.

Outer chamber of the Grey Earl's House: an old, high-windowed, tapestried hall, with bare furniture, and one long oaken table. Enid, in an old vest and gown of tattered satin, sitting alone in the half-darkness.

Enid. Oh, the Birds of Rhianon

They sing time away,

Seven years in their singing

Are gone like a day.

Eight score years are nothing

When they sing to men,

But when their song's over,

Woe, woe to you then.

You shall know all the sorrow

You had, to your cost.

All the leaves that are fallen,

All the friends you have lost.

What you loved in the morning,
 Shall die with the day;—
 Oh, the Birds of Rhianon,
 They sing time away!

This is the eve of sad St. John:
 And there is feasting in the town.
 To-morrow morn the bells will ring
 For the Sparrow-Hawk to clap his wing.
 Who was it called me? It grows late:
 I thought one knock'd there at the gate?

[*Enter the Countess*]

Countess. Dear child, . . . what noise
 There is in the town to-night.
 Shouting of merry boys,—
 It means, the torches light
 The Earl Dwrn to his seat,
 Where once he knelt and bowed
 To kiss thy father's feet.

Enid. But hear! . . . [*Shouting in the town*]

There, still more loud,
 Again! There came a knock
 Louder than all the crowd.

[*Knocking at the door. Enid opens: enter her
 father and Geraint*]

Ynwel. Knight, you will sup, and be
 This night our guest. Dear heart, [*To Enid*]
 Steal forth into the town,

And bring back meat and wine.

Enid. Father,—our pence are gone,
To the last penny,—gone!

Countess [*aside*]. Child, take my ring instead;
Bring hither meat, red wine
And manchets of white bread.

Enid. Mother, I go: Fair sire,
Forgive me, that I leave
Thy courteous side a while.

Geraint [*rising*]. Maiden, let me too go,
And guard thee in the town.

Enid [*at the door*].

Thanks for thy grace; but no,
This errand is mine own,
And when this cloak is thrown
Over my terrors, I,
Safe as the bat, go by.

[*Exit*]

Geraint. That star is from the sky,—
It should o'erlook the dark
Not pass in the night street
Where the town-mongrels bark,
And the train-bands go by.

Tell me, fair sir, the fate
That overstept thy gate,
And hurt thy house, and left
Its beauty so bereft?

Ynwl. Sire, I was lord of all,

Castle and castle-wall:
 A thousand spears up-sprung
 When I went out to war:
 Then, in my force, I wrung
 My brother's lands away:—
 Time went: ill days drew nigh:
 The Black Plague stole my strength,
 Ay, stole the very sun
 Out of the summer sky:
 Then night—Earl Dwrm—drew on;
 Sieged my strong hall and town.
 Ten years it is, this day,
 Since from the tournament
 The Hawk was borne away
 To the Earl Dwrm's proud tent.

Geraint. Sire, is this earl the same,
 That has a dwarf at heel,
 The dog of his good fame,
 The rag of his bright steel?
 Sire, I would give my blood
 And body for one joust
 On the green grass,—one thrust
 With a bright glaive,—one rood
 To be his grave, or mine!

Ynwl. I have no arms to shine
 On the green sward,—the rust
 Is on my sword and spear:
 But, knight, they shall be yours.

Your real need, I fear,
Is, as the Hawk requires,
Some Queen of High Estate
To be your tourney-queen
When you attain the shield
And challenge the fair field!

Geraint. Lord, I have seen the face,
This night, shall be my friend
From now, world without end.

*[As he speaks the great door is thrown open, and
Enid stands there, against the darkness, her
face bright-lit from the gleam of the candles
within]*

Geraint. There is that Face and Light,
Shall give me grace and might,
When my good steed keeps time
And pace in the early prime.
Maiden,—thy grace, for I
Would at the tourney joust,
And you shall be my trust.

Enid. Father, what stars have shone,
Then, as I cross'd the town?

Geraint. Lady,—if I have dream'd
In red revenge to hurl
The Earl Dwrn down at last:
Now, other lights have gleam'd
Out of the middle dark.

For thy sake, I would ride
 When the hawk's jesses ring
 In the bright morning-tide.

Enid. Alas, good knight!

I have no silver sleeve
 To bind in all men's sight
 Above thy helm . . .

Geraint. Lady, thou hast a gleam
 Of stars about the hem
 Of thy pale loveliness:

Countess. Poor star: she has no light.

Come, prithee, let us sup!
 Hunger, I doubt, has made
 Wild music in thy head. [*They sit to the table*]

Ynwl. What sound should that be?

[*A noise of feet and shouting in the street, followed
 by a loud knocking at the door*]

Revellers. This is the eve of good St. John,
 Let in the Masquers of the Hawk,
 Let in the Herald to the Hall!

[*Ynwl opens the door at length: a wild throng of
 masquers rush in, led by the dwarf, and
 followed by the Herald and the drummer-boy*]

Dwarf. *Til-de-rwm! Tal-de-rwm*
Carolled Tom Teeny.

Herald. Sire, the Earl doth crave
 Thy daughter Enid's grace
 At this night's festival.

He doth return, for her sweet sake,
 Those things the rascal dwarf did take
 When siege was laid to town and hall.

Dwarf [*aside*]. *Rascal dwarf!* they shall see
 A point to that rascality. [To *Ynwl*]
 My lord, the Herald did not say
 The half he ought! . . .

Herald. Sire! Earl Dwrn would bid
 Thy dame and thy bright daughter share
 Their feasting too.

Ynwl. It is enough! Not I or mine
 At the earl's feast this night need shine:
 We entertain this knightly guest,
 And keep at home our jousting feast.

Dwarf. Knight! this is the knave
 That felt my lash at Caerleon!
 Masquers,—come dance, and let him have
 Mad music, ere the taper's out.

[*Dance of masquers, led by the dwarf*]

Geraint [*rising*]. Hold, revellers!
 I am a Knight! . . . [Laughter]
I am a Knight of Arthur's court.

Dwarf [*mimicking*].
 He is a Knight of Arthur's court;
 He means he is a kitchen-knave!
 Sing,—scullion! . . .

Armourer. Hold hard, my masters, hold!
 Suppose this be King Arthur's man!

Earl Dwrm would not that we should play
 The devil in Earl Ynwl's house!
 Sir, take this sword we call Sans-peur,
 Take, try it on this Bwa bach! ¹

[*He unwraps the sword and hands it to Geraint*]
Dwarf [*leading the dance*].

Scullion, scullion, find a fork,
 And fight to-morrow for the Hawk.

Geraint. Away, you rabble, bear
 This gnome back to his master dear,
 The red knight of the Sparrow-Hawk:
 One man there is among ye, one:
 And he shall tell the Earl for me
 At morn I challenge for the Bird,
 Using, good armourer, thy sword.

Dwarf [*waving them off*].

Away, you rabble! . . .

Geraint, *poising Sans-peur in his hand*, *sings the*

SONG OF THE SWORD

I.

You are light in my hand
 As a windrush might be:
 Ay,—so light
 As the froth on the sand
 Or the foam on the sea,
 And as bright.

¹ Little Hunchback.

II.

When you felt the red fire
Of the forge as it played,
Did you feel
Too my fear and desire
Run like blood on your blade
And blue steel?

III.

There is One I have seen
Step from darkness this night,
Like the morrow
Dawning brightly between
The dark walls—like delight
After sorrow.

IV.

For her sake be a brand
In my spirit's eclipse,—
Be a flame
And a bolt in my hand,—
And a laugh on the lips
Of her fame!

V.

And her crescent of steel,
And my deathless desire
Taking word,—

In one ring, in one wheel
 Now surround her with fire,
 My bright sword!

[As he ends, he presses them back at the sword's point. They rally once, and then retreat, thronging the door as the curtain drops]

SCENE III.

Town wall and turret near the Grey Earl's house, overlooking the tourney-field. Noise of shouting afar; drums beating, horns sounding, bells ringing!

[Enter Grey Earl]

Ynwl. There is the sound I used to greet
 As gaily as Earl Dwrm this day:
 But age wears lead upon his feet
 And his bent head is grey:
 Ha, who comes here?
 Black mischief's messenger.

[Enter Dwarf]

Dwarf. Sire, my lord would say
 Forgiving your despite
 Of his good-will last night,
 He bids your daughter this day
 Beside the Lady Ermelin
 To watch the tourney on the green.

Ynwl. I thank his grace!

The Lady Enid here would stay
And watch afar the jousters play.

Dwarf [*looking from the battlement*].

Humph: much may she see!

Ynwl. She may see knights go down:

It is enough,—away!

Dwarf. I go, I go,—thy daughter too,

Across the town. [*Attempts to pass*]

Ynwl. Not that road, Evil-wit,

Imp of the Pit!

[*Enter Geraint*]

Ynwl. Stay him, sir knight!

Dwarf. Stay me, and I will sting.

[*Draws his dagger*]

I have a letter here,

For the lady, Enid!

[*Geraint lays hold on him and draws the letter from his belt, and drops him over the battlement.*]

Geraint [*looking round*]. How now?

Dwarf [*below*]. Ha, ha!

Til-de-rwm, tal-de-rwm,

Carolled Twm Teeny!

Ynwl. And now, good knight,

This morn shall quickly speed:

How fits thy jesseraunt?

Not very well, indeed.

Now, I must step below:

I hear the hostler with thy steed . . .

Geraint [*holding the letter*]. What of this thing—
Brought by the dwarf?

Ynwl. Enid shall join thee straight

To bind thy badge, Geraint,

And read the script. [*Exit Ynwl*]

Geraint. Strange that this letter seems
To burn between my hands!

All last night, in my dreams,

I rode thro' desolate lands—

Hunting a silver faun:

I rode her down, at dawn,

Beneath a secret tree:

And then,—

And then what should it be?

The mournful eyes grew bright

With a most human sigh!

And lo! the sun stood in his height,

And shot long shafts of light,

And the white faun was gone,

But in her place,

One fitful moment, shone

The maiden Enid's face,

Beneath the early sun.

And then,—

And then, I stood alone.

[*Enter Enid*]

Enid. Good-morrow, knight:
I greet you courteously!
My father says you bear
A letter for me there.

Geraint. Here is the curséd thing:
Tear it in little bits,
Lest it should bear a sting
Like him that brought it.

Enid. Tear it to pieces,—nay:
For I would read it too.
Hand it me, then . . .

Geraint [*handing it*].

Lady,—great need have I
Of your good grace this day,
To be my sun in the sky:
Remember, he that wrote,
The Earl Dwrn, is the lord,
That this day is my man
Upon the tourney-sword!

Enid. True,—and ere I bind on
This little band of blue,
Now, let me see thy sword.

Geraint [*drawing his sword*].

Take heed, its teeth are keen!

Enid. The better then to bite.

[*She pierces the letter with the sword-point*]

Geraint. I fear it pierced thy hand!
 Nay, nay now: let me see.
 One drop of thy red blood,
 Thou White Faun, of the wood,
 Is more than battle-cries to me!

[*kneeling*]

You think my words are wild,
 You think my love a dream:
 Too true, I dreamt last night
 I chased a silver faun
 That took thy shape at dawn.
 And now, I fear, by day,
 Lest all your form of light,
 And you should fade away
 Into a faun again:
 And when this tourney's o'er,
 And I ride to thy door,
 I find your face no more.

Enid. This little band of blue
 Bound on a pearly ring,
 My heart's most precious thing,
 My only girdle-string,
 Shall bind me fast to you.

Now, many a spear be broken
 And many a knight give way
 Yet shall this girlish token

Keep thee from hurt this day!
 O knight, I hear the tourney-bell!
 My father calls. Farewell!

[*Exit Geraint*]

[*Enid ascends the turret*]

Enid [*in great excitement*].

Ah why, why beat so fast?
 For each step of his feet,
 My pulses faster beat?
 Ah there,—he turned at last
 To look; what makes you dim,
 You eyes, to look at him?—
 Now he is lost to sight,
 Within the castle lane,
 Where the red flag is bright!
 Now, see, his helm again!
 Oh Flag, endue my knight
 With all thy red renown!
 See now, the tourney-field,
 Outspread beyond the town,
 Small as a kerchief there.

[*She runs down the turret steps in her excitement,
 to meet the Grey Earl and Countess as they
 enter below*]

Ynwl. I hear the herald's voice
 Arouse the tourney-tents.

Countess. From the tall turret-top

Look, Enid, be our eyes.

What do you see? . . .

Enid. Small as a blackbird there,

I see a glossy knight

Start out, curvet, and pass.

And now,—another knight,

In rusty habergeon,

Breaks pace upon the grass:

'Tis Geraint!—oh, my soul!

[*Horns, a ringing of bells, and shouts*]

Ynwl. The challenge,—there's the bell!

And now,—the trumpets speak.

Enid. Now, the whole field is spread

And very still:

The ladies' booth is white and red

Beneath the castle hill:

And thrice I see a kerchief thrown,

To flutter down: . . .

Now, now, my girdle blue,

My little band, be true!

You know if Geraint fall,

Who this day's bound with you,

My hope, my heart and all,

Die with him too! . . .

[*Renewed shouts, a dull thunder of hoofs, and
then a crash and outcry*]

Ynwl. Child, do not hide thine eyes:

We cannot clearly see:
A dust doth seem to rise
About the hawk's cross-tree.
Which knight is uppermost?
The black knight or the brown?
For surely one went down!

Enid. Oh father, father dear,
I cannot see for fear!

Ynwl. Nay, do not fear, but see
What thing may be!

Enid. Where are the horses now?
The horsemen have stept free,
Earl Dwrn there, black as death
Would break my silken band.

Count. Child, child, what do you say?

Enid. I mean, with sword in hand,
Geraint, my band-bearer,
Bare-headed there, . . .

Ynwl. What? he hath lost his helm?

Count. Oh, would I were as young
As once I was, to stand and see—

[*A cry of "Dwrn, Dwrn!"*]

Enid. My soul,—oh, father dear,
Oh, mother, mother dear!
Avoiding there the thrust
Of death, Geraint did slip,
And lies there in the dust!

Oh, I must go to him!

[*She runs down the stair, distracted. As she reaches the lower wall a wilder outcry is heard from the tourney-field, and Enid falls swooning to the ground*]

Countess [*stooping to her*].

Nay, nay,—my babe, my dear,
That noise you shall not hear:

Listen to me:

I take thy pretty head

Upon my knee!

Thy knight,—he is not dead,

But shall return to thee

Bringing the hawk!

Ynwl. Lord, woman; how you talk:

If our good knight be slain,

Better that she

Be dead there, at thy knee,

Never to rise again.

Countess. No, Ynwl: climb the stair,
And see if it be true,

Oh, if Earl Dwrn hath won,

Then we had needs be gone

From forth this fatal town.

Ynwl [*from the stair*].

Then came a joyous cry:

As if they left the field!

[*Shouts, huzzas, cries, as of a throng drawing near the walls*]

Countess. Sure, then, a sound of many feet

Came from the street?

Wake, child,—awake,

For thy poor mother's sake,

Lest the Black Earl should come,

And speak for thee the doom

That falls once and for all,

As only death can fall!

Enid. I thought I saw a stream

O'erflow the tourney-field,

But half was red as blood

And half was black as ink,

And there,—what do you think?

There rose, from out the flood,

A knight's encrimson'd hand,

And then—I tried to throw

My blue band, helping him. . . .

[*She feels for her girdle*]

Ah now, ah heav'n, I know.

Countess. Child, child, what do you know?

[*By this, the noise of the crowd is heard clamorous at the gates below*]

Ynwl [*looking down*]. What of the tourney, men?

The crowd replies from below with the

SONG OF THE HAWK

The Hawk, the silver bird,
 The Hawk is king!
 King of the sword:
 He cannot crow, or clap his wing,
 Poor silver thing,
 But he hath gotten a new lord,—
 Lord of the Hawk,
 Geraint is come.
 So sing him home:
 And bring him home!

Ynwl. What means it, men?

We heard Geraint went down.

Men. Nay, nay,—Earl Dwrm went down,
 Geraint is lord of Caerdy' town.

[At this the crowd pour in, and fill the battlements; then enter Geraint, attended by the Herald with the Hawk on the cross-tree]

Geraint [taking the hawk, and kneeling at Enid's feet].

Lady, this bird is thine:
 The creature cannot say
 What I would tell this day,
 Who am his knight and thine.
 For thy band bound me fast
 When the bright death glanced past:

And the Earl's spear did hiss
Like water on hot steel:
A mightier, hardier foe
No knight at joust could know!
Now, all he had,—red blood,
Great strokes and hardihood
And all this sword hath won,
Lady, are thine,—the Queen
Of the Hawk; to whom I yield
Up Hawk, and sword, and shield.

[*Gives her the Hawk, and his arms*]

Men and women sing.

The Hawk, the Silver Bird:
The Hawk is King,
King of the sword!
Now, sing him home, come sing.
For he hath got a new-made lord,
Lord of the Hawk.
Geraint is lord!
Geraint is up, then Dwrm go down,
Geraint is lord in field and town.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Room in Geraint's palace overlooking forest-lands and the distant sea of Severn, with a couch under the glazed windows. Enter troop of damosels carrying in flowers from the garden.

1st Damosel. Marigold was a soldier,—

Wore yellow for war:

But when he was wedded

He went fighting no more.

[*All sing*] *Sing Marigold.*

[*They dress the empty hearth with flowers*]

2nd Damosel. Tuberose was a lady,

Went early to mass,

But she hid in the lych-gate

To see the knights pass.

[*All sing*] *Sing Tuberose.*

3rd Damosel. Goldenrod was a lover,

Who loved my white hand;

But when I did pluck him

I broke his gold band.

[*All sing*] *Sing Goldenrod.*

The Three. Bring flowers for the strewing

And herbs without stint,

The hay-scented fennel,

Thyme, marjoram, mint.

1st Damosel. And sage, my sweet sage,
Remember sweet sage.—Oh! . . .

[*Starting back from the hearth, whence the Dwarf suddenly starts forth*]

Dwarf. Thy sweet sage, did you say?

[*The damosels retreat, and then cautiously return*]

1st Damosel. What d'ye mean coming here,
You ape of Earl Dwrn?
Hark, my lady! she comes,
You had best hop away.

[*Enter Enid*]

Dwarf. My lady, good day! . . .
I am come here to sue
For my lord, the Earl Dwrn.

Enid. Good morrow, Sir Small!
What suit do you bring?

Dwarf. Thy lord wars no more;
But mine takes the field;
Recovered at last
From the wounds that he gat
When he rode for the Hawk.
He would beg the black horse
That thy lord, Sir Geraint,
Won from him on that day,
Who they say fights no more!

Enid. What is this they do say,
That Geraint fights no more?

Dwarf. 'Tis not I gave the word
Or called him Sans-sword?
If he sits there, in thrall
To thy beauty, High Dame,
Sits and dreams in the hall,
While the knights ride to war,
What wonder is there?
No wonder at all!

Enid. What ill-word is this?

Oh, monstrous it is
To make me knights' Bane.

[*She rises and goes to the window*]

Rise, Geraint, again!
Take thy sword, called Sans-peur,
Light and keen in thy hand.
And arise, and to war
Go once more!

I thank you, Sir Dwarf.
My lord shall give heed
To your quest: you may go!

Dwarf. For thy grace,—I bow low: [*Aside*]
Now I think my bolt's sped,
Let me go!

Enid. Is it true, what he said:
My maidens,—come here,

Is it true? For thy lord
He is eager, and strong,—
Is he not? Have you heard
Of such things as were said
Even now,—one such word?

1st Damosel. Not a word, save to say—
How thy beauty could keep
Even Geraint away
From the camp and the field!

Enid. Oh mischief,—I see,—
Then my Knight of the world
His sword will not wield,—
Is no knight, thanks to me!
His blue pennon is furl'd:
Wicked girls, do you know
What you say? . . .

2nd Damosel. Dear mistress, but nay!
More honour to thee,
If thy lord doth delay,—
And thy beauty is more
That can hold him in thrall—
That is all! . . .

Enid. Most mischievous all! . . .
Then these flowers are too fond,
And my eyes are a lure—
I will spoil them with tears.

1st Damosel. Dear Heart: do not weep.

Enid. I will weep: girls, begone

To the garden below!
I will follow you soon:—

[*Exeunt the damosels*]

I know,—ah, I know:
I must find a strange flower,—
Some queen with a taint,
Some lily whose white
Lost its hue in the night,
To give to Geraint.

Ah, he comes! I will steal
To the garden below:
There is sooth in a flower,
In its life, and its death:
There is sooth in the bud,
There is grace in the leaf.
I will find some sad bloom,
As a sign for my lord,
In the garden below,—
While their petals exhale
He shall hark to my tale;
Sitting here in the seat
That he loves, looking forth
On the merry green field.

[*Exit*]

[*Enter Geraint : he goes to the couch, and
throws himself down upon it, while
the sun streams in upon him*]

Geraint. What a day for thy grace,
Oh, Enid,—sweetheart.

Love's harbour is here
From the war and the storm:
And its lamp is thy face
And its light is thy form.
As the summer steps in
At the window, I leave
All my warring forever,
All my battlefield fever.
While I drink a deep peace
From the fields and the trees.

Enid [in the garden below, singing]

SONG OF THE LILY

I.

If the lily beguile,
Or the rose be too red,
Let them turn to the thorn,
 To the thorn-tree,
To the thorn-tree instead!

II.

If thy right eye offend!
Pluck it out for a snare!
Better part of thee cease,
 And release thee,
Than thy peace perish there.

Geraint. Something grave in that note,
Something new, like the horn,

From some camp, heard afar,
 But who thinks of the sword
 When the birds of Rhianon
 Are heard?

[*Enter Enid carrying a lily*]

Enid [*aside*]. The sun on his head
 Is his helm: on the bold
 Shoulder-blades, it is red,
 Like burnished red-gold
 On grey steel! Blesséd might:
 Can I bid him away,
 That is sleep of my night
 And wake of my day?

Geraint [*rising*]. Enid!

Enid. Geraint! [*He rises, and goes over to her*]

Geraint. What is this in thy hand,
 Some white sister, I think, of thyself?

Enid. I brought it for thee:
 Yet look in its heart!

Geraint. I would far rather see
 Those small elves in thine eyes!

Enid. My great knight!

Geraint. My white flower!

Enid and Geraint.

All I am turns to you,—
 Every thought in my heart
 Every hope I have, too,—

As the lily seeks light
 At the sun-waking hour!
 When we walked, far apart,
 And neither yet knew
 Of this wondrous great thing
 They call love, . . .
 Nor could tell, I and you,
 How the good Lord above
 Had bade the stars sing. . . .

Enid. Sing thy strength! . . .

Geraint. Sing thy grace!
 And the light of thy face,—
 Like the lily unwrapt
 From its sheath!—

Enid. But nay:
 For there comes a sad hour
 When the flower may beguile.

Geraint. Believe it not,—so,
 Instead of it, say,
 Again with thy smile
 Irradiate as day,—
 As we said now, ere while.

Enid and Geraint.

Every hope in my heart,
 Every thought I have too,
 All I am turns to you,
 As the destined white flower
 Wakes again from the night,

As the flower to the light
 You to me!—I to you.

Enid. But this flower, oh Geraint,
 Look, look in its heart,
 Lest a change, lest a stain,
 Tell its heyday is done.

Geraint. This white creature, a taint?
 By the shine of the sun,
 It hath so.

Enid. Oh, too true,—all too true,
 It hath so,
 And I gave it to you,
 Geraint, for a sign:
 For they say,
 They that know,
 That my love hath a stain,
 And my fondness a taint,
 Oh Geraint!

Geraint [*still murmuring over the love-song*].

Every thought in her heart,
 Every look in her eyes,
 Every hope she had too!
 What waking is here,
 From our midsummer sleep?

[*Starting*]

Enid. Oh, they say, my dear lord,
 I have charmed all thy force
 To a dream: laid thy sword,
 Thy helm and thy horse,

All asleep at my knee!

Geraint. Who hath said? By my blood
Thou art wrong! Day and night,
Thou art wrong, . . .
To have let the black brood
Hurt my heart, turn my might
To a jongleur's light song.
Who hath said it, my soul?

Enid. This day came the dwarf
Of Earl Dwrn . . .

Geraint. The demon! . . . 'tis he
That hath poisoned the flow'r.
Now, Enid, I see
It is tainted indeed.

[*He crushes the lily underfoot*]

Enid [*hiding her eyes*].

Poor heart: thou art slain!

Geraint. Earl Dwrn,—did you say?
Well I see, well I know,
How thy thought, high and low,
Has lit on that lord:
Did you think, when I lay
On the couch, and my sword
Asleep with my shield,
How much nobler Earl Dwrn,
Marching out to the field?
It is well, thou false flower,
You did die as you did

For an omen to me!

Enid. Geraint!

It is false, thro' and thro':
I have held you my knight,
I have loved only you:
Very sure, very true!
Earl Dwrm is no more,
Than the dust at thy feet,
Than the rush on the floor.

Geraint. Earl Dwrm, and Earl Dwrm,

He comes keen on your lip!
It is time, sword, to speak:
And speak in plain steel:
Very well, then, Earl Dwrm,
My revenge shall be strange!

[*Pacing the floor*]

I will ride forth once more,
In that rusty red suit
That I wore in the field,
When I fought for the hawk,
I will ride out to war.

[*Turning and tearing Enid's sleeve*]

And to break their false teeth
In their mouths, I will take
Thee, woman, with me!
Oh, but not in this garb
Of the lady of light.—
Thou shalt ride, all forlorn,

A spearcast from me;
In the same sad attire—
The gown grey and worn,
That were thine on the eve
On the eve of St. John.
In one hour,—we ride out
From the gate, see thou be
Forlorn in thy dress
As I say,—not a ring,
Not a gaud of thy late
Loveliness!
And whatever befall,
Not a word shalt thou say,
Till we meet with Earl Dwrm,
And then bid him, all short,
To fight with thy lord,
To the death!

This shall be my revenge:
They shall see if my sword
Be asleep!—

Now, woman, I go:
In an hour, be attired:
Thy steed shall await
At the gate.

[*Exit Geraint*]

Enid [*throwing herself on the couch, sobbing*].

Oh, Geraint, Geraint!
What wrong have I done

Save to love thee too well?
 How cruel this sun
 That so clear on him shone!
 Oh, Geraint, thy foot
 Hath crushed out the flower
 Of my love!

[*She rises*]

In an hour, did he say?
 That runs like an age,
 Or a moment away:
 There is much I must do:
 Despoil me of all
 He hath doomed;—
 You, my girdle and gown,
 You, my sleeves and white shoes;
 And find the sad weeds
 Which I wore on the eve
 Of the hallowed Saint John:

[*Seating herself on the edge of the couch*]

I.

Must I lay you by, my beautiful white girdle?
Must I lay you by?
 You that girdled me, and felt my heart beat
 fast there,
 When Geraint came and hand in hand we
 pass'd there,
Must I lay you by?

II.

And you, my silven sleeve, whereon his
strong hand rested,—

Must I lay you by?

And you, my onyx-clasp, and you, my
starry hem too,

And you, pale pearls on pearls—(they have
the moon in them too),

Must I lay you by?

III.

And you, my plighted ring, with the hawk
engraved upon you,

Must I lay you by?

And you, my folded kerchief,—with you my
secret sleep now,

Close, oh very close: and there are tears to
keep now,—

Now, I lay you by.

[*Exit*]

[*Enter the Damosels from the garden*]

1st Damosel. Where is our lady then?

2nd Damosel. I heard a sob, I thought.

3rd Damosel. Here is the flower she brought:

It lies crush'd underfoot

An evil sign i' faith!— [*Horn sounds below*]

1st Damosel. Hark, now the triple horn!

This day changed when Earl Dwrn

Sent the dark dwarf this morn. [*Horn again*]

Geraint [*below*]. Enid! the horses wait,
The hour is up!

Enid [*re-entering attired in her sad raiment*].
My lord, I come.

Damosels. Dear lady, what is this?
You cannot ride or fare
With your good lord attired,
So piteously!

Enid. I wear,
Dear maidens, all that is
Left of my happiness.

Geraint [*impatiently re-entering*]
Enid! Enid! . . .

Enid. Geraint! my lord, I come.
Sad girls, I go: farewell,
Be kind to my poor flowers,
Within my garden there.

[*Exit Enid*]

SCENE II.

Chamber at the Grey Earl's old house in Caerdydd
(as in Act I). A rude couch or bier stands (l.)
beneath the tall window, and on this lies, still
as death, the form of Geraint; a wolf-skin
hiding all but his head and shoulders. With-
out, thro' the window, a wintry street is seen,—
snow in twilight. Four armourers, who have
just borne in Geraint, stand looking at him,
one holding his helm, one his sword, jesse-
raunt, etc.

[*Enter Earl Dwrm, attended*]

Dwrm. Townsmen,—what news is this
Of Geraint brought home dead?
He was the sternest knight
That ever fought in field:
Some nobler room than this
Should be his death-chamber.
His lady,—where is she?

1st^o Armourer. They took her, spent and sick,
To the convent of St. John,
She doth not know her lord,
To his last sleep is gone!

Dwrm. Go, bear a message there:
Say that Earl Dwrm would be
Her friend;—in friendship take
The burial of Geraint
Upon his hands for her!

[*Armourers go, followed by Earl Dwrm's men*]

Dwrm [*stepping over to the bier*].
Ay, Geraint, there thou liest,
That wert a man of iron!
Would we had met once more,
To battle to the death,
Thou owest me for that;
But Enid, whom you wed,
She—she shall pay thy debt.
She lives,—and thou art dead.

My star then masters thine:
 One look now, at thy face,
 And so farewell, my friend.

[*A sound of singing is heard without*]

Here come the holy lights,
 I ordered for thy bier,
 Wake then no more, Geraint.

[*Enter a train of mourning-women, bearing tall candles, which they set about the bier*]

SONG OF THE CANDLES

I.

Lift, ye candles, lift your light
 Thro' the dark, this holinight.
Miserere Domine!

II.

Now, the gleam that God hath given
 Shall climb back to Him in Heaven.

III.

Now, the dead upon the bier,
 Rides the dread gulf far from here.

IV.

Lend him, candles, as ye may,
 Light to light him on his way.

V.

So his wounded feet shall on
To the door of Heav'n at dawn.

Miserere Domine !

VI.

But for her he left below,—
Candles, light her bitter woe.

VII.

Woe is me, for woman's sake,
Tears that fall and hearts that break.

Miserere Domine !

[*Enter Enid*]

Enid. Oh, what lights are here?

He is not dead I know:

Geraint! . . . he is not dead.

1st Mourner. Poor child: you shall be sure

His soul is happier

Than ever soul on earth.

Enid. Nay, for he could not die

Like that,—unreconciled.

Recalling all the love

I bore,—and he put by.

1st Mourner. I fear thy lord is dead!

His hand is cold: his face

Is grey: his heart is lead

Within its cordial place.

Enid. Oh, if indeed, Geraint,
My lord,—my love—is gone,
Then go, you mourners, all—
Go: leave me here alone.

1st Mourner. Come, damsels, come away
If needs we leave her now.

Mourners [*going*]. But for her he left below:
Candles, light her bitter woe.
Woe is me, and woe is me,
Miserere Domine. [*Exeunt*]

Enid [*alone*]. Oh Geraint! art thou gone?
You could not—could not go,
Knowing me unforgiven.
While we rode, day by day,
Beyond the Severn flood,
I had from you no smile:
Each look a cruel goad,
To hurt, and pierce, and pain
Until away you rode
Into the Pagan throng,
To see me not again:
And left me to a doom
Far worse than any death.
Geraint: lift up thy head!
Look, look: I bring thee light!
It is not dark, you see:
And I will bring thee drink

Shall quite restore thy strength:
And I will bring a kiss
That would breathe blessed life
Into the blindest clay. [Kisses him]

Oh, but thy brow is cold:
Geraint, Geraint: I fear,
My love, it is so cold
It cannot kindle now,
Not till the stone is roll'd
From the last grave away.

[*A Knight's form passes the window ; and then
the doors open*]

[*Re-enter Earl Dwrn*]

Dwrn. Lady, I come in grace
And pity to this house.
There lies the noblest knight
That ever fought in field,
Ever bore glaive and shield;
And now, thy love must mourn;
That saw him in his might
To see that might outworn.
But know, you shall not want
While I have house or land:
I loved you, by this hand
Long days—ere Geraint came
To try the tournament,
And I will cherish thee,

And never use one word
 So hard as you have heard
 Nor treat thee cruelly,
 As, some tell, Geraint did.
 And, since the lands he gat
 From me, return to me,
 You need not cry thereat,
 You shall be queen of them.

Enid. My lord,
 You much mistake my tears.
 I am of them that love
 Once only, and not again.
 The wound that my heart bears
 It shall forever bear.

Dwrm. Dear lady, you are faint
 From watching: cheeks so white
 Need wine: this chamber too
 Breathes an unwholesome blight.
 Come to my house, and be
 My honour's sad guest there
 Till this knight's burial.

Enid. My lord: you do me wrong
 To break my vigil now—
 I shall not pass this night
 From my dead lover's side;
 So now, Earl Dwrm, farewell!

Dwrm. But, lady, so not I:
 For your own sake, let be

Thy vigil: come with me:
Safe there thy knight doth lie,
To sleep eternally! . . .
You gave him of your grace,
Hearts' joy, great joyousness,
But know that, years before,
Earl Dwrn did stoop to you
With passionate courtesy:
Won by your loveliness,
That wins upon me still,
Like the sweet harp's return,
It bids me stay—not go!
Nor leave thee, pale, in tears,
Weeping for him who hurt
Thee, Enid, to the heart,—
While every beat of it
Is a harp's-cry to me.
Geraint did make thee ride
Thro' desert and the wild,
Facing the hail and rain,
Fearing the pitiless wind,
Clad in no noble robe,
And not a damsel there
To bind thy fluttered hair:
And not a word of grace
To comfort thee a space:
That was no knightly deed:
And none that I would dare!

Know, did you ride with me,—
The coursers, far and near,
Should gleam, to bring thee on,
As winds the ship bring on,
Upon the Severn sea. [*He kneels to her*]
My star has long been dark,
Darker than death would be,
Because my love for you,
Enid, that should have led
Me in the starry way,
Repelled, did pull me down
Into the triple pit!
Oh, Enid, I do love
Each fold of thy sad dress,
Each look of thy sad eyes,
Each footstep of thy feet,
Each place where they did pass,
Now, bid me rise, and be,
Thy knight, thy sleepless slave,
The dust upon thy hem,
The shade behind thy light,
Ay,—and the sword of swords
To strike for thy dear sake.
Oh then,—a kinder glance,
I thought, crept from your eyes.
.
.
.
.
.
.
One kiss, upon those lips,
That are my gate of heav'n!

Enid [*struggling*].

Lord Dwrn,—you do me wrong,
You do me bitter wrong!
For know, my heart lies there,
With Geraint, on his bier!
Sadder than he, more cold:
Now go, and leave me, Lord,
Or I will wake the house!

Dwrn. I will not,—on my soul!

I cannot,—for the fire
Once lit, cannot be quench'd.
My men wait there within,
Come with me, now, my bird,
In peace and courtesy.
My fluttering troubled bird,
Or I will bid them in,
To bear thee safe away.

Enid [*struggling*].

Geraint, oh save me now,
Save, save me! oh, Geraint,
Help, help me now!

Dwrn. Enid, he cannot hear:

Come with me: I will keep
Thee very safe, sweetheart!
I would not hurt one hair
Of thy poor frightened head!

Enid [*struggling*]. Geraint!—Geraint!

If thou art dead, awake!

[*As she cries out in her terror, Geraint moves on his bier; then starts up, seizing Sans-peur*]

Geraint. What man is this? my soul,
Earl Dwrm! . . .

[*Dwrm draws his sword to save himself,—there is a brief struggle and then with one blow Sir Geraint strikes him down*]

Enid. Geraint!
My love, I thought thee dead.

Geraint. I was like one that lay
Beneath the dreadful earth:
But down there came a cry,
That called me back to thee!
I woke, I struck,—but I—
What are these candles here
As for some burial bier?

Enid. I knew you would not die
Without a word to me!
My heart, my love, my lord:
You went, how far from me;
And you are truly come
To your poor love again.

Geraint. Enid, what days of gloom
That dread man brought on me!
I feared that in your heart

You bore some love for him:
 And that thought was a wound
 That ached, and never ceased.
 Oh now, I know how fierce,
 How wrong my folly was!
 And there, the witness lies,
 Slain in his instancy
 And passion. Oh my heart,
 No wonder he did love
 Thee without reck or stint:
 Thou art so beautiful.
 And if I did thee wrong,
 In his fear, let him, dead,
 Be witness, as I kneel
 Most gentle, at thy feet,
 To ask thy pardon now.

[Rising, and leading her to the window]

See, the red dawn breaks in,
 To herald the new day
 That dawns for thee and me!

Enid. Geraint, I love thee so,
 Be kind to us, New Day,
 That dawns for him and me!
 But hark! the men do come!

[Enter Townsmen, Women, Pages, the Grey Earl and Countess]

Earl Ynwel. Good sirs!—what life-in-death
 Is this—what hurt man here?

What dead risen from the bier?

Geraint. I had a woful thought,—

I thought I lay long dead:

The clay was on my face,

The bands did bind my feet

When came, from far away,

Out of the windy night,—

A cry, a bitter cry,

I knew that crying voice,

And knew, alas, that I

Had hurt her cruelly:

I sprang up,—breaking bands,

Snatched up, with fiercest hands,

My sword: and saw this knight,

Earl Dwrn, that dragg'd away

My new-found light from me:

I struck;—and there he lies:

To speak no more till doom.

Grey Earl. Bear to his house the form

Of him, that was Earl Dwrn!

And take these lights away!

No need of candle-light

When the good day is come!

[*A hubbub is heard at the doors, the throng parts,
and then enter Dwarf, hurriedly*]

Dwarf. I see a dead man stand:

I see a live man down:

What witchery is here?

Ynwl. My lord, Earl Dwrm, is dead!

Dwarf. Oh master, my dear lord,
 Speak,—say, lift up thy head:
 For I, thy dog and dwarf,
 Kneel couchant at thy side,
 Master,—dear master, rise!
 He cannot raise his head
 The sword hath cut it thro',
 He that did hold the sun
 To be his lamp and torch,
 When I did go and come
 Upon my road,—
 He sinks deep into gloom,
 Oh, Annwn, by thy side,
 Is more than heaven to me:

[*Rising and turning on the throng*]

Think not, such masters die,
 We fare on, he and I,
 To revel in the deep
 Dark underworld, till time
 Again shall set us free.
 When you do hear the wind
 Go raving round the wall,—
 When you do see the shade,
 First, of the dark hour fall:
 When you do hear the pack
 Of Annwm whip the air,—
 Bark on the lost soul's track:

I shall be riding there,
 At my stern master's back.
 Come, Night! Come, Malen Ddu,
 My master calls to me
 We hasten—I and he! [Stabs himself]

Geraint. Nay stay—thou imp of time,—
 Too late!—the steel was sure!

Enid. Piteous, oh piteous, see
 The dwarf lie with his lord.

Ynwl. Why should the dog stay on
 When the stern huntsman's gone?
 Sound now a solemn march,
 And these, the dead, bear out
 By the small postern gate.

[*The candle-bearers re-enter, followed by four
 armourers who take out the dead in silence.
 As they go, the scene is left for a moment in
 darkness. Then a clamour is heard from
 the town without*]

Ynwl. What is that noise without?

Armourer [entering]. A great throng in the street
 Do cry to see Earl Dwrn.

Voices. Earl Dwrn! Geraint!

Ynwl. Throw the oak shutters wide!
 Stand forth, Geraint! . . .

Townsmen, here stands Geraint.

Voices [in the street].

Earl Dwrn, where is Earl Dwrn?

Ynwl. Hard master,—he is gone,
 And his dark dwarf with him,
 Where they cannot return;
 And Geraint is our lord,
 Our lord and castellan,—
 Town, lordship, castelry!

Armourers [within]. Geraint, Geraint!

Voices [in the street]. Dwrm! Geraint!
 Geraint! Hail, Lord Geraint!

Geraint. Men, by this sword of mine,
 And by this new-come day,
 That so doth fire and shine
 I am glad to live, and lead,
 If need be, in your wars;
 And glad to bring you in my hand
 Enid, the day-star of your land.

Enid. See the sun grows more bright:
 Enough of war and death and night!
 Let us sing morning-songs!

MORNING SONG

Men and women sing.

That knight who in the fosse of death
 Lay deep, doth live to lead us now;
 And take a faster, greater breath,
 Our Master of the Morning-Brow.

Women sing.

Geraint and Enid, hand in hand,
Shall lead us in the morning land.

Men sing.

Our hawk shall join the eagles now,
That fly to face the morning sun,
From whom those streams of splendour flew
That drown the dark, when night is done!

All sing.

Enid and Geraint, hand in hand,
Shall light us, in our Cymric land;
And he shall lead in Arthur's wars:
And she shall bind his morning stars.

[*Curtain*]

THE END

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